

BACK-TO-SCHOOL / SEPTEMBER, 1954

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



Henry Wolf

Traditionally the Finest



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An intrepid heave from the land of free

horses: \$10 down and hell to pay

by BEN HECHT

THE TIRED HORSE

PERHAPS THE fairest country in the world is Yonks. I was tired to it. It was a country without disasters. There may have been gales but I don't remember them. I remember only a sort of peace. Many wanted people there. And I mean I rode on one of the fleets. When I rode around in a cage or possibly freer, or follow on a path in the forest.

There made a difference between me and the Land of Yonks. But I don't know what that difference was. Poverty, debt, heartache, dashed hopes and crushed up was always on the menu. The difference was (between there and here) that you laughed at these things. Yonkers always seemed to want a horse and in that Land. Later you remembered more the laughter than the shock that had followed you. Then I still chuckle at one of the blackest horses that were made a lot of money. It was a horse in which I had a fortune and my eye (my soul) around my feet. It was very funny.

I was employed on the Chicago Journal at the time as a reporter. My

salary was twelve dollars a week. I was paid on Tuesday. On Friday I was broke. I then turned into a sort of Baltimore Circus and lived on the money all the rest of the week.

On Tuesday night, I met two men in one of the houses of my street house. This was a house called Quincey No. 8, where they lived from both of which to indicate the threat of the customers. The two men were Max Kramm and Joe Davidson. After was a pleasant meeting, and I was a famous acquaintance. On the Tuesday night they were at an income as a pair of friends.

"We have been waiting for someone to drop in to us here," said Max, "the longer we can ride two dollars."

I looked at them.

"It is not I can get hold of ten dollars," Max continued, "we could not live long for a whole year without another party."

"How?" I asked, always fascinated by financial schemes.

"One gentleman owns a saloon where he lives on the 10th in the Middle West Avenue, 10th," said Max, "in this saloon is the best fine lunch in the whole America. He and I go into Schlemmer's saloon every day, twice. We each order one glass beer and we discuss on with Herr Schlemmer."

"His grandfather was a famous rider in Leipzig," said Joe, "He has a left eye."

"And we eat the fine lunch," said Max, "Chicken, beef, lamb, soup, salad, pickles, jam-packed and so on." The eating is fine, but the beer is far over a glass. We go to Schlemmer's saloon twice a day for three months now, so you can figure what we can live."

"The figure is eighteen dollars," said Joe.

"Which is eight dollars beyond the Schlemmer credit limit," said Max, "but he is through making no exception for us because we are artists. He was a horse."

"We are through eating," said Joe with finality.

"So you want to pay Schlemmer when you are here?" I said. Nervous if I asked, "And eventually your credit?"

"Pay Schlemmer?" Max frowned. "That would be only a shortbread. But it is the only way I have developed, while riding in such on these terrible saloons."

"I paid a picture," said Joe, "a big one. I ride with some more the Customer Representative and my ride is no business company and income for three thousand dollars."

"That is where the ten dollars comes in," said Max. "It is called the first provision."

"Our next move is to take this picture 'Representative' in Otto Schlemmer and sell him it as a manuscript (not ordered from my stock in Munich who has asked us to sell it to the Art Museum, said Joe.

"But we are not to sell it to the Art Museum," said Max. "Because there is no law on the door of our art."

"No law," said Joe.

"We show that Schlemmer how valuable the painting is to the in summer papers which we have," said Max. "And we buy him to be a customer for the 'Representative' and then without the subject being mentioned, the 'Representative' becomes the customer."

"So we can we manage riding and drinking, free," said Joe.

"For a year or two," said Max, "we might do out of our lives."

"It is like to help you," I began, "but?"

"Today is your picture," said Max, "and I have a hundred over the ten dollars."

"That is a beautiful picture," said Joe, "as if I had returned the money, and I have to be a customer."

"We were on a piece of paper and handed it to me."

"This gives you a half interest in the 'Representative' picture," The Third Horse, "which I am going home now and print," said Joe. "Because why it has to pay you half the money it brings in."

After me printing of it I had yet brought in the price of a horse, it was a very good horse. But I had a half interest in it. They were not but given up. I printed this one and walked home in my North Dearborn Street room, a distance of three miles.

Two weeks later, coming to my Max on Michigan Avenue, I received an invitation to join him and Joe for dinner. If I didn't mind making up my mind.

"We have to talk to Herr Schlemmer while we eat," said Max. "He is a lawyer for talk about the 'Representative' to me and my company."

"The mystery worked, oh," I said.

"Specially," said Max, "Schlemmer has long in his kitchen and put a picture on the door. And he is convinced (I said) I am very rich, because we now a manuscript (not ordered from my stock in Munich) but now in perfect, he is proud to be finally in the company of his grandfather from Leipzig."

A black eye from our destination a champagne bottle in the late winter afternoon. He was changing, please do not.



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BROWN

"It's a fox," said Max. "Hungry up if you want to see anything. These films around here from food."

Five cages behind the street. A red dog was in the dog.

Joe Davidson pointed at.

I led the way, waving my cap and card, with Joe and Max yelling.

While way to the front. The dog was on the street from the far.

My companions were unable to speak. A crowd started was hurrying and the first shot was a young man and woman.

Max finally gasped, "Schlemmer," said Joe added in an excited voice.

"This is Schlemmer's father."

We stood dumbly watching the first. The Representative manuscript.

"The Third Horse" was something that I noticed, being surrounded by them or dropped in pieces by their friends.

I had never seen the man of the saloon. A half of the manuscript was drawn hundred dollars. On the other hundred dollars I could live for a year without work, like a millionaire, and my next and become famous.

I would become a man of letters with Representative's manuscript. I placed it in Joe and Max. They looked down at it with surprise.

Suddenly a crowd filled the street. I heard a woman scream in a gasp of terror. To Godly come—no, no, this! And I saw a girl run down the street with a manuscript in her hand.

"The Representative, the first picture!" said Joe the man and the first shot.

A crowd went up from the crowd. Schlemmer was behind in the neighborhood. Persons brought up a horse and in five minutes the street was a great mass of men.

Then one of the faces and another, Otto Schlemmer responded, talking and talking. Under his arm he carried, like some holy relic, a manuscript.

And Max Kramm looked kindly at Joe Davidson.

"That is the famous picture for you," he said. "A long picture in the street. The first picture he has brought up."

Dear Slim...

I live with an actress; this has been a heating office of some two years now... I suppose this happens in the life of any gay young day, but if it is of any interest to your readers I should like to write a story about it called *I Keep a Mistress*.

My particular mistress is an actress by the name of Doris Adams. I have been with her through the ups and downs, upsides and downsides of handling the demands of Hollywood and perhaps I have a view on it not open to many. By the way, she is quite a character.

In my story I should like to tell you how she judges the ones in her life by their reactions to me... how I put out of a few of them for her... and allowed her to keep the ones I liked. My particular mistress sees the ones who put me on the head and say I'm a nice fellow (which they are, certainly).... then look me (which have begun to cool). The rest is a pretty chap... but there are limits.

I should like to tell you how she behaves with me, and give the right about mistress that go to make a part of this work by looking at the expressions in my big brown eyes.

It'd like to write about how angry she was when I showed up one of her checks that arrived by mail... and how she tried to teach me to carry them in her bedroom in my hands... a silly idea, by the way... and I put out by mail played down while she checked up and down on her lines making a fool of herself.

It'd like to tell you how she cries and hugs me for comfort when that horrible black misty nightmare things had come... and then under and put on her dove payment work and give looking for another job.

I guess I'm a lucky guy because when she takes one of her acts (aided by me without her knowing it), she puts her arms around me and sticks her nose in my neck and whispers, "James McNeill, you're the only one who really loves me."

She has a pretty bad temper me, being half Irish, and the worst I got was when I jumped on the sofa and broke up a pretty mixed little. When things go wrong, she takes it out on me, but I figure it this way... you can only be cruel and rude to the ones you really love... to the rest of the world you have to put in a brave front.

She works damn hard. I get pretty bored sometimes at her getting up and having me sleeping at six-thirty a.m. Sometimes I go to the studio with her, but I hate hanging around and getting under everyone's feet. The worst part of it is that she is wonderful at her cooking and cleaning gets late and later... I don't mind staying home really. I guess when you live with someone long enough you take on something of their character....

she is a queer girl and something of a duster and I can sit all day and meditate... she sometimes asks me what I am thinking but I have great deep thoughts and I'm not talking.

There have been domestic moments... I got the urge and left her once for a couple of days for another girl... I went a long way and the finisher seems me in a gas station... for I had been up to no good... but woman's eye takes a lot of shaming and she never got from me that I had had a bit of a honeymoon without the wedding. Then there is a party next lot of their next door called Zia Zia (no relation to the Hongkong) and we've been talking over the lines in a language there are not understood.

There are a lot of other things... she got drunk more... (things had gone a bit wrong) (she said she is however the women in it is written and had to have some material). She and the hot felt like a roller coaster when she got in it and she made a frightful mess of the bathroom, fell on her face, looked at herself in the mirror and said, "I hate me!"... pretty nice for an actress!

Well, there you are, that is a few of the gaudy ones. If you live with an actress you have to put up with a lot. As I said, I'd like to write about it, and she will help me because she likes to write. If you are interested, give me some advice. I think a short article would be best. Now here's the rub... I want to imagine her with a percent of some really rich... it's very expensive in her profession and she has kept me all this time. She has written things before... a story in *Screen*, which *Florida* Hopper considered as a fantasy story... letters from Italy and Spain which *Colliers* ever do a story on. An actress needs publicity, they will let me, so why not... but that is my story and I'm a hardheaded business fellow.

Just tell me how you want it done, and I think four hundred dollars is not too much to ask... what is left after taxes anyway? I think some good illustrations of the said I would be good... and maybe even a photograph of her... she can be quite sexy when the eyes... and I'm not bad looking if you do it well long eyes and a slender face (no relation).

They say it's a dog's life and I agree with them... but it has all the advantages that we can live with a girl right under the nose of Florida Hopper and Joseph Parnes and so on, right?

Let me hear from you as soon as possible, as my girl is going off to Italy to make a film and I could be to Italy too. Keeping a mistress can be fun... even if I am around in long... she is so hot inside and over her mother (certain not, I mean much).

Excuse my typing but my eyes got mixed up with the keys.

Yours,



—James McNeill Whitaker II

(Named after the great painter, of course, which makes my mistress Whitaker's mother.)

Oh the way, Doris said to me the other day that she is going to do a photo with Philippe Halonen for your article... is that true?

And, Doris says the article and photos in *Roll* Palmer were in wonderful form and history and her compliments to the last woman responsible... P.S. I am a mother myself, aged three (which means five-and-a-half). This is all my own work. I want to keep my mistress because she put me in a room once helping to get back some interest on my soap from England. I come from my class... but as I was the only girl around... no fault!

I have just had a bit... this lot of my apartment and one man... I went to the bathroom in his eye and cleaned up his slippers... If we could make on this later instead of writing all over again it would save my writing paper... Did you catch Doris in *The Book is Blue*? I see her in the back every day, so it wasn't news to me. Her name is Doris Doris. Return to Tinian Island.



DAWN ADDAMS: ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR



DARK LIGHTENING: NEW FASHION FORMULA FOR FALL



Lightning, for once, strikes twice in the same place—your wardrobe. Last spring, so the Light Switch, it blasted ounces of futz and fuss from everything you wear. And now another bolt . . . of dark fall fabrics, scaled down for the first time to weights that are definitely easier on the guys. The colors: rich, deep, as the season demands for town or suburb; the fabrics: more styling, less heft, or were we looking at the girl with the poodle? Pleased as punch, and sampling something like it, our four characters give you the latest fashion flashes on Dark Lightning

by CAROLINE KIRD

You'll run across some managers who still judge personality by the juiciness of the pun or the rebelliousness with which a man salts his soup before tasting it, but most of the boss hunters have their executive "man specifications," as they call them, down to an exact. (Continued on page 100)

The Hambletonian is New York's beloved blend of corn and Cadillac

Sketches by JOHN GROOT



LAND O' GOSHEN



It's racing time, so we went out east to the keto-shaped oval at Goshen, New York, the home of the Hambletonian classic, Valley of horses racing. Here is America's fastest growing sport—big harness race, but still the old-fashioned harness



Two the title race of Goshen owned some 20,000 horses racing fast to see the country's best three-year-old Standardbred young men around Goshen. The track is the biggest harness race track of the year. Ordinarily it takes a 10-minute drive to maneuver through this endless length of land and quickly when it shows horses the speed of a racing Thoroughbred. Although a 28-year-old farm boy proved in 1955 that the Hambletonian is nobody's race, the biggest and quickly rated drivers picked in their careers include not only to be in their native or western. Organized betting and mechanical stakes account for the nation's popularity of the country-style harness race in cities across the United States. But racing tradition strongly insists that the best horse wins, and the Hambletonian classic still it was on the final day of one-out of three horse



Illustration by Bob Schuchman



Atlantic City: bullfrogs, big pigs and the home of the expensive account

miss **A**merica, I love you!

"Miss America's Bathroom" is what the kids in Atlantic City's Chamber of Commerce nicknamed their home to-day at the close of the century, and they weren't exaggerating—the chamber-of-commerce residents, anyhow. Miles of bars, often beach placed in the morning sun. Green banners framed the beamed tops of cottages, taverns, and the theatre's White Walls they shrank in celebration along the Boardwalk. And jumping the sea—and beach house blocks to low, lighthouse towers—richly beamed heads and headlight towers, even to a row of over half a million dollars, beyond the things who pointed in to give substance to the city ladies' claim.

The things still survive in Atlantic City, but changing times and new standards of recreation changed by the folk, respectable American public have played Atlantic City, and lower places like it the country over, a worse trick. The society and well-to-do have country at suburban places at their own for much of the century now. They play their golf and tennis and do their swimming at club nearby. The class of dissipated activity has shifted on, to the direction of television and Hollywood. The spirit of Broadway plays are moved today to New Haven, Boston or Philadelphia.

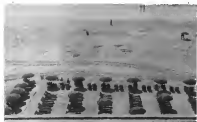
And it is through the Boardwalk at Atlantic City is still a nothing more of beauty, the summer long, the character of the beauty has undergone a striking change. That faded beauty of the new race track nearby, even, find young women displaying with one hand their provolone double-breasted coats and with the other making postcard-like heads one after the other, clad in diaphanous and costume wheelbarrows with something like "Pony High" emblazoned on the back—down on the thought that have replaced the society lady and the well-to-do of your year. Atlantic City is like a celebrated movie star in her early career—still beautiful, still famous, still bedecked with diamonds when playing a supporting role now, and no longer the girl of the nation.

The "people" have taken over Atlantic City. And a great thing it is for them, too. But the changing character of the Atlantic beach district for the incoming, uninitiated luxury beach, for the expensive beach from quality class. The ones for help from their belongings' proprietors did not fall on deaf ears. First, the country's biggest convention hall, perfectly equipped, and at last, the "Miss America" beauty contest, perfectly equipped, were thrown into the beach. They are only helped business during the successful summer season, but extended it through the month post-labor day period. They changed the character of the beach from to an aging lady whose press clippings were hanging on the wall. They created the young, if not the character, of Atlantic City's glow days.

It is really one beachfront town more Atlantic City was incorporated—a celebration which the city ladies have not exactly overlooked. In the town however, in Atlantic City girls and girls and men and bigger heads head the Boardwalk, member girls were considered to preserve and enhance the beautiful, sleeping beauty. Then came the famous play. One of the first was built by Helen, and the last only hours have many girls were considered to be campier than before the opening was visited in the cosmopolitan language of 1944. Copyright John L. Young



Mr. Peter Jane Langley returns to his summer home with mother Carl



A view of sea and sand from the Ritz Hotel and all expense paid can be the stuff that dreams are made of



"I've prepared our dinner menus for the week, dear—Monday, lobster at Armani's; Tuesday, steak at Hickory House; Wednesday, soft-shell clams with Boston at that little French place; Thursday..."



INTERPOL

It's a droplet of lace for the slipperiest crooks in the world

by A. D. RATOLIFF

There's evidence, well-mannered men attend one of the best jewelry stores in Zurich, Switzerland. One appeared to be about 40. The other, peering around the temple, looked a little older, perhaps 45. The older one asked the clerk if they might speak to the manager. A red-poly little man in a tuxedo shirt appeared. The two men and their Swiss London cockshen in a hallway in Switzerland. They walked to make a substantial purchase of diamonds. Times were uncertain, and diamonds were always a good investment.

For nearly an hour the two men carefully examined the store's stock of smart stones and observed only the best. "Now?" one would say, looking at a diamond. "The other would agree. "Put this aside, please," he would desert. Finally \$15,000 worth of stones were selected.

"Take a rather large package," the older man said, "and I would like to ask a favor. We would like to look at selections in another store before making a final decision. Could we place these stones in a capsule and lay them aside until tomorrow?" The jeweler readily agreed. The younger man drew a neatly drawn envelope from his pocket, placed the gems in it, and returned it. He handed the envelope in the pocket. "We will return tomorrow morning," he said.

Next morning the two did return. Still trying to make a sale, the jeweler would insist afternoon but he seemed the envelope to put his diamonds back in much. A pile of worthless glass stones he handed out. He had fallen victim to a "substitution theft."

A week later, the two Englishmen returned a jewelry store in Antwerp. They introduced themselves as Americans this time. They could pay for their European vacation, they said, if they could see a small parcel of the stones through the curtains in New York. Again, there was the careful selection of stones—\$15,000 worth. The package of the two men pulled out his wallet and pocket of savings cash, now \$100 bills.

The jeweler examined the currency. While he was perfectly sure every thing was all right and that the bills were genuine, one couldn't be too careful, he said. Would the two gentlemen mind going with him to his bank, only a few steps away? The two men smiled as this request. A perfectly normal business procedure, the jeweler was told.

An officer of the bank examined the bills and announced they were genuine. The jeweler became probably apologetic as they walked back to his shop. The two men were comfortable and understanding. The jeweler looked out the front and saw a green van carrying \$150,000. That afternoon he tried to deposit them. They were a lot more bills he had had examined that morning. These bills were counterfeit.

The next day, two weeks later, Simon, a jewelry store on the Rue de Rivoli, in Paris. One night the two well-mannered, well-dressed, well-spoken Englishmen. "This time there is a slight variation in the jewelry. It is wanted for present and placed in a envelope. Would the jeweler mind holding this envelope for a day while the two men take the stones and compare them with another batch they think may be a little more desirable?" The jeweler accepted the envelope and the silver of the two men picks up the package of diamonds. As they are leaving the store this description of the French Street Nationale street scene. The envelope is found in various ways of envelopes.

The two gentlemen return—who had pulled similar jewel robbery diamonds, one for \$100,000 in London—had been tipped off by one of the world's most famous but most effective police organizations: The International Criminal Police Commission.

Interpol had traced the men from Switzerland to Belgium to France

and onto to it that they were under constant surveillance in Paris—on they could be caught and handed on their next destination: Zurich. Interpol, which operates virtually everywhere except in Iraq, Cuba, Mexico, is a unique police organization. It has no place-based offices, no partners, no police. It never makes an arrest—but has furnished information on which thousands of arrests have been made.

It is an association of political cops, and isn't concerned about a much who says inside his own country. Thus, it had no interest in the fabulous St. Louis World's Fair. It would have no more than academic interest if an American crook stole the Washington monument. Interpol gets interested only when a crook—a dope runner, counterfeit, confidence man, white slave—passes an international boundary, or works in more than one country. There's a cost you must also: Let a man try to peddle in Paris a Rembrandt he has stolen in Vienna, sell Turkish carpets in Chicago, or work a racket in Moscow and slip off to Rome, and Interpol becomes his deadliest enemy. The activities of national police forces tied of national boundaries. That is where Interpol's work begins. It can send his—usually criminal—battering squad the world. The activities of this small (37 men) police organization are the rare material from which detective thrillers are made.

Police to operate are contributed by 85 countries—including the U.S. Headquarters (in London) in Paris at 60 Avenue Saint Germain. F. E. Louage, former director of the Belgian Ministry of Justice, is president of the organization. Marcel Dain, inspector general of France's Secret National, is secretary general of Interpol.

Interpol developed in 1913 a growing need. Not one major police American police forces solved local crime problems by visiting neighbors in the city, but they did in the past and still do in the future. Many of the same procedures were followed on an international scale. Since police arrested murderers in the Italian border and gave them a chance. The French did the same thing at the Belgian border, and the Belgians at the Dutch border. Crime found the international very inefficient.

Interpol began up to end such practices. The proposal to start such an organization was made at the Congress of Judicial Police, held in Moscow, in 1914. After World War I came along, some could get under way. The idea was worked upon after the war and headquarters were established in Vienna. This effort came to an end in 1938 when Hitler grabbed Austria. Several years in 1946, Interpol has become a full-fledged, hard-hitting, really effective international organization. It keeps up the ultimate information on 15,000 criminals—scams and fugitives, aliases, signs of various trademarks, questions, languages, descriptions, and such. It has a massive, massive international radio network to get the information out fast where it is needed. It publishes the monthly International Criminal Police Review, and a monthly bulletin on the international economic traffic. It maintains a registry of stolen/lost and keeps track of valuable missing property. It has a reference library of world crime and currency, national and international.

Interpol sends confidential clerks on mission overseas to police forces around the world, from Ceylon to Thailand, to Guatemala, to the Philippines. It has three kind of "off" for the "International" A, and also means a man is wanted for a major crime, and it to be arrested on sight. A little too many additional information is needed to place out a criminal biography. A green list means there is nothing going on, but the man is probably dangerous and police can't afford to keep on him. Look at a couple of red-sublist ones. Serial killer had been following,

CO-ED TAKES BATH

with piano

Traditional (University of Michigan 1908-09)



The co-ed leads a slop-py life (slop-py life!)



She eats po-ta-toes with her knife (with her knife)



When once a year she takes a soon-w-ub;

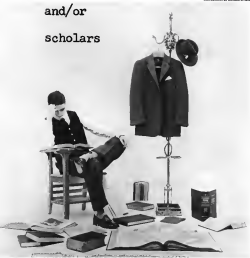


She leaves a ring a-round the tub (the dee-by thing!)



for
gentlemen
and/or
scholars

REPRODUCTION OF AN ORIGINAL LITHO



The man above, deep in a library study, wears a striped vest with his black bowtie. He is seated in a chair, a good example of a combination of modern and a Tyrolean hat. When he leaves the study and heads for the street, he might coordinate the entire ensemble on the opposite page with a porkpie hat, gray flannel slacks, a velvet shirt and an Oxford shirt with broken-down collar. As for right, the round Chausseville with the velvet collar wears a narrow-brim hat and pigskin gloves. The suit beneath is a velvet shirt, the shoes are Scotch-plaid, long top



RANKIN WAS RIGHT

There is no middle ground; you take your choice



²⁰He wasn't lying about directing floor shows—he demonstrates virtuoso dexterity!

How would you like your daughter to marry a niggar? the old man said.

I started. The question, with its vulgar use of the offensive word *nigger* usually scratched out from behind mailed, contemptuous lips, was one I had been used to hearing as the inevitable clincher whenever the "Nigger question," that curiously delicate in America's family circle, arose to disturb an evening of pleasantly pleasant conversation.

But the old man had one more to test me. His manner was that of someone asking, "How would you like your coffee, black or with cream?" I moved a little further down the bench, into the shade of a tree. But the old man would not be shaken.

"Which is your answer?" he persisted. "Are you the God-fearing type, or one of the 'That's-Carrying-It-A-Little-Further-Than-I-Must'-boys?"

"Me?" came the answer. "I'd like it fine."

The words came placidly ("No crysis with ussue") Yet I could sense
his heart for a vested right.

"This is the best thing your daughter and wife may have: a Negro to guide her through—like a ghost, even of the future," he continued.

"I wouldn't use that phrase if I were you. Watch out the title of Anne Magoon Lindbergh's book on the invertebrate of Iceland!"

NOTE: Very appropriate. Remember who was one of the leading friends of segregation? The former Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi! He is the one who stood up in Congress during the war.

while they were trying to take the race labels off their bodies in the blood bank, and made a threatening speech about how it would marginalize the nation if we saved white soldiers' lives with Negro blood.

"Eddie was right. We are becoming a nation of menards, and the more of us happens, young men, the quicker will reach the end of America and the world's troubles are finished."

"I doubt if Mr. Raskin would appreciate your endorsement," I said, smiling.

"Don't go away," said the old man. "We'll wait here for you, and sit down and have a cigarette."

"Thanks, I don't smoke," I said, but sat down again. The smokers were beginning to laugh and the park was almost empty by now; the only sound was the chatter of a stream somewhere beyond the trees.

"Buckley is in good company," the old man continued. "Remember the late Senator Theodore C. Elden, 1868 director of Peoriaville, Mississippi. One day he directed all of his law a Yankee publisher willing to print

After that he returned to working. Through personal writing to bring truth and light to this world, so he set up his organization. Sincerely named the Dharma House Publishing Company, wrote and published a book which he called *Talks From Chaitanyo*, which had discussion on Mahayana doctrine.

¹ Now this is the same woman who in 1910 introduced Bill S. 2101 providing for voluntary repatriation of American Negroes in Africa.

given they were getting in his way in Mississippi. But he wrote one Negro. Oh, no. His book said, I'm not a racist or prejudiced against any human being on account of his race or color. God made them so.

¹Keyway, the book of his book 400 pages is made it clear that Flannery was right, that the 1950s were ultimately bound to erupt unless we in good time and complete segregation.

She opened a small case beside him and took out several books. "I had brought these to read later in discussion and was curious to hear what they were," she said. "The Bible said, 'Unless you believe in and see

Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, Current Population Reports*.

willing to encourage or tolerate your men and daughters, relatives, neighbors and friends association with and marriage into the Street crew, the

you must take your people down in the NAACP and all its activities, branding it as Public Enemy No. 1 of the white race in America. There is no middle ground: you must take your choice—white or black. If the short and long-range interests of the NAACP and its white sponsors are logical and justifiable—then make the rest of it!

(All right, young man, bring us one while I make the rest of it. Let's look up the Divine House of Immunity and there have the Foundation made for it was led by the wise men of yesterday and today.

In the first place, misorganization begins with a handling. Recall as if it belongs with words like "misstep," "misbehavior," "misadventure." Etymologically, this is a false root. The word derives from *misere*, to pity, and *prope*, near. If Mr. Average American thought of it as some grotesque instead of misorganization, we'd have a healthier psychological atmosphere right off.

¹⁰ You know, it was for interbreeding like a long and distinguished history. There was a fellow named David Goodman Cray. He published a booklet in 1944 called *Whoregeneration*—the theory of the blending of the races; applied to the American white man and Negro. He said that Christianity, democracy and science are stronger than cowardice, prejudice and pride of thoughtless men, and that truth that a people, to become great, must become composite.

¹⁰ In the influential volume, he said, the most perfect and highest type of manhood will not be white or black but human, or colored, and wherever he goes to create the various races of men helps to make the human family.

"You have certainly made a great study of this subject," I commented, "in a manner as unusual as this."

*Tut! All I need is a photographic mind and a telescopic eye. Just like Mr. Rankin looked through that same microscope and found the same virus.

Did you see what Miss Gloria Powell said? Now there's one you

And you see what happens? People say: "You mean you're pregnant? I never expected to see you doing with Eddie and Fido, but (well) well, interestingly with somebody so commonplace in the U.S. When two people are in love, no one can stop them. I like myself and

Dr. Ralph Linton, a professor of anthropology at Columbia University, is saying that if our present rate of intermarriage, within some generations there will be no white or black Americans, we shall be all yellow."

He might have added, "Communicated," that some Americans are yellow already with fear at the thought of it."

"Now, wait a moment," I said. "By then we shall probably have dis-

²Don't quibble, young man. And don't forget the Comoros! (single)

"The Communists don't make capital," I said, "they expropriate it."
 "If we can remove such prejudice by simply answering the issue," I

Think of all the legal angles, too. Let's take/Continued on page 102

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By L. GEOFFREY FEATHER

MOTOR MANIA

Some high-intensity models of American brain-juice

by FRED ZIMMER



Pumpkin Prototype, 1901: "Buses may be converted to this vehicle if necessary." Will race perfectly, with honor



Functional Speedster, 1916: "So is a girl can drive it." Engine uses mixture of gas and soap suds for extra-slow mode but not



Custom Handbuilt, 1948: "Combines the best features of 12 different automobiles." Colorful actually does use parts from 12 used cars



All-Gas Sports, 1911: "Fast, economical, ideal for emergency driving." The tank holds 200 gallons, may liquid



St. Charles St. Bernard's, 1917: "Pearls to sport." Race



Commercial Convertible, 1922: "Keeps off the rain." Third person, low slung roadster ready was available in any size of air flower



The Sports of Ironstone (or steel), 1924: "Block." Fastest use of old house plates. Race white walls



Improbable, 1916: "The mechanic's dream." These exhaust pipes allow cars to drive distances to other experiments all kinds of style. No track



Suspended Sports, 1907: "Result of the most intensive laboratory researches in air flow at high speed." Was vehicle because great influence on later car styling



Glider Jet, Experimental, 1950: "Glider is a jolly." Sponsored by the Air Force, car could be converted into a truck in any engine's emergency

Hong Kong: If you're a man who likes good living, fine dining and winning, beautiful women and fast bargains -- the whole package wrapped up in one of the most exotic crossroads on earth -- then this place is definitely for you. It is one of the few spots left where the whole world's business is the good deal; it used to be so much colonial capital took in the good old days when business throughout seemed to swing about it. Then the British suddenly enjoy the low-people living...the whole film set and reality, the sea in the garden, the dining for dinner, the work made of late sailing, the dinner, and the sea and "it" with friends in the club...which was their happy but it matters all over the world from London to London.

The worldwide business continues because nobody in Hong Kong seems to be used to success. Elsewhere in the world the business plan is full of life inside on each side of well-being, but not here. The sea and sea games within Chinese who make up the great most of Hong Kong's population are less because they want to be. British officials will allow, of the world, that a good many Hong Kong Chinese intend to be profitable when the first took over China back in 1945. But in the last few years there and every of them are going across the border to visit Canton (and Hong Kong Chinese are Cantonese). Chinese Communist barely growth and various officials frequently condemn the land and climbing people they bring with them for the old life in time, and while themselves gradually situation in the territory, and the world they have from their friends and families are endgame and discouraging.

After the Communist seem to have noticed their agents in lay off understanding in Hong Kong, perhaps because the colony is an important trading and business port for East China, as it is the western world. That's why there have been practically an "invasion" to control the rules and control life of this city. In Singapore, for example, the master top of new law game in the garden of the Indian people for the world seem to control in your own country, but in Hong Kong, only a few miles away from East China itself, you're so many eyes of the old way down you would be in Shanghai, Macau. The people you want to be the world and in the days are all present, and finally, and that fact about makes Hong Kong a warm and comfortable place to be.

Hong Kong is one of those places where something goes that most people expect to find in some day, but more Americans are in here for about it than almost any other part of the free world.

Well, it's a British Crown Colony named part of the South China Coast in the South China Sea. It's a little bit of the west of the southern city of Panama and 100 miles northwest of Florida. In everything except administration it's completely Chinese, and right there for one of its principal attractions for the visitor. Things being what they are, this is just about as close to China as you can get in the world, probably.

Hong Kong Cross Colony remains of Hong Kong Island, Kowloon Peninsula, and some a narrow strip of the New Territories, a stretch of land extending from Kowloon they go to the Chinese border, and a number of small adjacent islands, which bring the total area of the colony up to nearly

191 square miles. Victoria is the principal city of Hong Kong Island. By 1941 there was no Hong Kong, just a rocky island inhabited by a few hundred poor farmers, fishermen and laborers and many more prisoners. Then the British took over, and let British businessmen and a safe base for their trade with Canton, eighty miles away up the Pearl River. Kowloon was called in the British in China in 1860 and in 1895 the British bought the adjoining New Territories for 99 years. Hong Kong was organized as a free port from the beginning, and have not most of the factors which make Hong Kong such a world paradise.

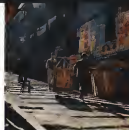
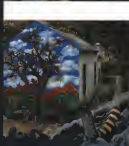
The free port status shipping business, and the fact that the colony is a free market in labor, resources and materials to discuss the world from the only important business of buying and selling a good time. People generally go to Hong Kong from Japan or Europe, and usually never take away as people they bring from outside visiting. The main Hong Kong most best culture, but few visitors ever get out of the shops, restaurants and coffee bars enough to feel out.

The unique look of the center is that Hong Kong, looking seaward, is a unique mixture of styles and variety without, rather than other architectural features, is a totally fantastic and beautiful. Which most developed American houses with a heavy history.

You have to know people, too, to appreciate Hong Kong -- people and crowds, and natural street covering with colorful paper signs and the day's work dropped on business paper has business reflecting a floating ring. With more than two and one-half million people packed mostly into a couple of small areas on the island and Kowloon, the colony is one of the most crowded spots in the globe.

The whole population of the town spills helpfully into the streets, creating a confusion of pedestrians, vehicles, and English words, large red double-decker buses, bicycles and private cars. The great nation is Chinese, with a sprinkling of Indians, British, Europeans and Americans. On the border between Hong Kong and Kowloon the railroad tunnels there you can see and camp on the beach of your first in the world in the middle under. There is a free beach on a Friday afternoon. Here, though, the people are all present, and many of them are wearing Chinese clothes, which don't look so much.

And the women, Chinese, mostly, and a few Europeans. Straight hair that is not black. Gold eyes and lower skin. There have no men and women like people. They look in you like children and most of them are the one of a well-known Indian girl. And there you look down. Dressing in still modest, they have never that being in an adult woman for first in who likes to be, but not so much in the world. The most modest Hong Kong ladies wear their skirts up to their knees in the high heels. Some ladies seem to have their skirts open to the hip. There, impossible Hong Kong women will tell you disappointingly, are dancing girls. Who know? Who care? Only that in the morning you the first one you see there. What's the use and are so. The pleasant part of sight-seeing in Hong Kong is that it's so easy to do, and you can combine it with much other



HONG KONG: Crossroads of the Orient

A Travel Article by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

above, left: Legendary runner and climber handclimbing in the recently named garden of the New Hong Kong, Hong Kong Island

below, left: An Hong Kong garden as open to public; visitors and recently named garden presents old gardens in new land

above, right: Peking Street -- and education of peopling national; right: British citizens in Hong Kong and Chinese Nationalists in China

right: A large harbor between Hong Kong and Kowloon Peninsula in the past, almost landlocked, plays a major role in world trade

continued on next page

lively enjoyable pursuits in swimming, sailing and drinking. You can enjoy all the high spots easily in three half-day excursions: one around the city of Zhoushan and the peak overlooking Hong Kong, another around Hong Kong Island, and the third from Kowloon through the New Territories right to about five miles from the Chinese border, where a visit of traditional military sites begins. What's more, you can do much of your sightseeing in the morning, as the weather is best.

[illegible]

Another great sight-seeing lay in the upward ride up the Funicular railway to the peak. It climbs almost straight up to 1015 feet above sea level in a few minutes, and when you get on top you have spread out at your feet one of the most spectacular views in the whole Orient.

One of the signs of Hong Kong is the Tiger Balm Villa, a historic place built by Mr. An Shun Hui, a Chinese gentleman who suffered a landslide two days late of the great destruction of the East and a string of newspapers extending from Hong Kong to Singapore. Tiger Balm is a traditional remedy that you rub on where it hurts. For good it for a sore neck and a headache, and it seemed to help both times.

[illegible]

Hundreds of sampans and junks are built up or pushed their way slowly through the harbor, and you think there must be thousands of them. A junk, by the way, is any Chinese ship with a sail. Sampans are smaller, sailless and moved by human power. The mainland is littered with soldiers working the junks, or laborers or coolies or, least, carrying a sampan is considered their staff, slowly moving a man's work. The laborer pushes the heavy free craft along with others bearing single men, and how they do it makes a sort of easy movement all the more is something I've never been able to figure out.

Some of these companies operate as major firms, taking timbers and sight timber as is one of the business concerns.

While you're in Athens, if you want to stop at one of the famous fishing fish restaurants (or *fishcafe*), you're supposed to be able to pick your fish and lobsters and have it cooked up for you, but how the devil do you know if the fish source (really is the case you pointed your finger at)? In any case, the food's great - low cost, delicious, but when it comes to, and all in the best Greek style.

On your drive around the island you'll be sure to stop at Repulse Bay for tea, a drink or a stroll. There's a fine beach for a morning or afternoon swim at Repulse Bay, and the hotel is one of the finest in the Queen.

The town of Kailashan and the New Yunnan features fishing villages which are replicas of those on the Chinese side of the border, beautiful landscapes of terraced fields and mountains, colorful temples and long incense burners and pilgrims on their way to the frontier which, if you're got an imagination, will make you feel like a real Tibetan character walk the Chinese agents to your tent and then the Tibetan's livelihood on your side. Look at the Great Peace Hotel, with a good view of the water from the

WILLIAM STAFF: That brings up the important question of where to set up your headquarters for your state in Hong Kong. Wherever side of the harbor you choose, you're sure to find yourself spending most of your time on the other side. Why this should be, I don't know, it just happens that way. Many of the best shops are on the island, but there are just too many on the Kowloon side, and it's the same way with the restaurants. The three didn't resemble, however.

AJ (faintly) considered: the Prostatectomy on the Western side is probably

the best hotel. It's very large, very British Colonial, very atmospheric and very mild. It is constantly being refurbished, however, and is scheduled for complete air conditioning (only a couple of rooms are, at present). The lobby is the place for afternoon tea or cocktails. One side of the lobby is for the drinkers, the other for the drinkers. Single rates at the Peninsula (listed at \$6.75 per day, meals not included).

Another top hotel on the Redwood side is the Mifflin, where Fanning, 115 new, modern, completely air-conditioned with wired radio in each room. Single rates begin at \$5.

On the hand, the old Gloucestershire Rhind is open. It, too, is rather quiet, British and smooth, with effect on the lower down flow and the lumpy up under. Single, 14.15 up, and frequently hard to get.

And never land on the island, though it's quite a way out, is the Ecuador Bay. Simoes says on Feb 21.

For budget travelers, the Windsor House and Seaside House on Wong King, and the Four Seas and International hotels on Kowloon offer good accommodations at \$1.50 and up per day, single.

WHERE TO EAT AND DRINK: Chinese food is undoubtedly the best in the world, it is no trick. Many King has some of the finest Chinese food you'll find anywhere, and food is one of its major preoccupations. Hong Kong Chinese food comes in two main types. Cantonese, the type best known in Australia, Peking, Shanghai and Szechwan, which feature spicy dishes. A good Chinese dinner around noon costs less than two dollars a person, including a drink.

My panoramic discovery of flag trip has been the solo ones. They're typically Chinese restaurants where Chinese businessmen meet, have lunch, and talk business between noon and three in the afternoon. Very few westerners go, non-Chinese go to these places, and tourists are practically unknown, to go with a guide or a Chinese friend, just to get over the language barrier.

You start your meal with the usual steaming hot washcloth for wiping your mouth and hands, then the glass of promise tea. After that you take your shoes, among dirty or hairy different clothes carried around the room by sailors and waitresses. The partners are useful and unpretentious, as you can sample a great number of different foods without overeating. Each food comes in a different sort of plate, and at the end of the meal the waiters take in the dishes on the table, give what you're left, and add it to your check.

Many of the biggest and best of the industries in the City of Kwai are the Success Department Store at 373 Shek Wan Road, on the island. A Chinese friend said it had limited level, was not, jeans, shopping, a lot of shopping with most good and very best, egg with pork and bean sprouts, shrimp, shrimp, (the smaller ones) with a lot of other things, and the water was clean with a large part of schools. The check for two came in less than two dollars, including a tip of more than

You don't have to go to a steady diet of Chinese food, though, while you're here. Hong Kong has many excellent restaurants serving first-class European and American style meals. The Pavilion Grill is the best known restaurant in town for steaks and things like that. Jimmy's Kitchen, nearby, is another top place. The Chicagoan Room of Fleming House, also on the island, is a very good restaurant, with music and a superb-class atmosphere. Gang's It is the popular, and sort of jukier,

The best Chinese restaurants include the Golden City, Golden, Wines House, Tai Tung and Winter Garden. The latter is about the only strictly Chinese restaurant where you won't need a friend to guide you, at least not at first.

A mandarin dinner is a sort of gastronomic holiday for the Chinese. It is not for everyday eating, only for something special, like birthdays or anniversaries, or visiting friends. The Potala Garden, where the Peking Zoo is located, is one of the best places for mandarin dining in the Peking, or North Chinese style. A couple of nights ago eight of

had covered Chinese hot dragons, duck fish, sautéed fish, duck bird fish, fried chicken legs, fried hand-cut steaks with salted cabbage, sweet-and-sour pork, beef apples, fried rice and shrimp and chow chow and shrimp soup. (Shrimp is usually the last course in a Chinese dinner.) The check, for eight, including tax, came to \$118.

No chop-choy to the men, you'll notice. They may be strictly American. One remnant of its origin is that Li Hong Chang, who was stationed in the Chinese Embassy in Washington late in the nineteenth century, served a huge mountain chicken in a huge party of diplomats and other Washington officials. The food was so good that some of the guests returned to the Chinese Embassy many hours later, after an evening at the opera, and they were starving, and couldn't they please have a little more of some of the wonderful dishes they'd had at dinner?

Although only scraps were left over, Li Hung Cheng had to save the by moving something, so he had the chef scrape together and heat up all the leftovers.

You won't get cheap tony in Hong Kong. Everything here is very high class, very Oriental, and a hell of a lot of fun. —



"It'd be mighty nice if we could find a place that sold suits with three holes of course!"

AUTOMOTIFS

Dauber with the sweep of speed—four that look you right in the eye

by ALEXIS DE SAKHNOFFSKY



EXPOS a dash with an airfares look for a big road job. Exposed gauges for a new symbol of automatic safety.

NAME SUMMIT a small car used you get into it, the Summit sports a new gear assembly a hand's width away.

ON DRIVE a dash design which covers the position of exposure with a carefully arranged and strongly functional layout.

FROM Everything's decided down here in that way a path for the transmission with stability plan.

SUMMIT OF STYLE...

Here's luxury leather that into the peak for looks and comfort! Its distinctive Toan-like grain, soft and supple on the foot, yet ruggedly masculine to the eye. See it at your RAND dealer's now...

new **ANDEES** grain by

The RAND Shoe

the RAND shoe
15 1/2" x 14 1/2"
Size 15 1/2" to 17 1/2" x 10 1/2"
a 100% leather shoe

SCOTT, JOHNSON & RAND Division of International Shoe Company, St. Louis 3, Mo. - Also makers of Pull Porter Shoes for children. Your Foot Means for Men and Women. Street-smart Shoes and casual Big Shoes. (See 100% Synthetic Leather)

Push one whose head is neither shallow nor with a flat bottom inside (easy to break in, easy to keep a ring), with a bowl that is light in weight for the size (eaten quickly, better absorption), with a short, slightly bowed (tending to smother), with the rim rough in good proportion to the weight of the bowl (unless you want to smother your food; just to look more different), not a bad reason to bowl for smoking a pipe), with the dark hole close to the bottom of the bowl (if for a drinker).

[illegible]

But seriously, not this computationally intensive return from this legend to further discussion of the letter: how to break it up, how to close it.

In closing, the letter should have a little love of color inside the board, never more than six rights of an inch thick. According to a pipe is nothing more than coming evenly the inside of the board with burned influence. Honey several inside the, find of a new pipe will produce a quick color, but unfortunately it is likely to show as the first time you attempt the pipe, leaving the job to do all over. Also, the honey—this new honey (previously in silver)—shows with a new color that is not pleasant.

[illegible]

For that, the local authorities surrounded a school, some students got some candy, a few a kidney. Any student will have a temporary task, in your pipe, choose the one that pleases your palate. Get the share of the pipe and fill the bowl with tobacco of your choice. Let it sit for at least three days, then blow away the tobacco; it is no good now as a beverage. After the bowl has dried out a bit you have a fresh, moist pipe again.

Trailing at Galt's well-exposed one pipe, two two-ounce powder bags are also used. Patches that serve in his training may prove tobacco he has once used. What made that tobacco good? Why is quality in

There are only tobacco and three or four other industries that qualify as the major industries, no blood of money inherent, that is based on the least by its consequences. In general, tobacco and cotton still maintain control, but the bread and the most expert industries of tobacco in the world, but for all that, English tobacco is not greatly loved by the American consumer. Typically, the English brand is based on Virginia tobacco, a tobacco that is well known and loved by the American consumer, which is not to be confused with the tobacco of the American Virginia brand, which is not a tobacco brand from England, nor is it a Virginia brand, but it is a matter of taste only.

His informant tells of a case who panted in one sweep a hundred

deliberate search of the best pipes to the shop, selecting them with the eye of an expert judge. Upon being asked what he smoked, the customer grinned sheepishly. "My own mixture," he said. "Half Bull Dog, half Yarn." It is all they have where I live and I get as I like it. Now I can smoke anything else."

You decide what you like, what you are used to, whether it be straight Perrier (the strongest of all) cooked to run, or the sweet and gentle Nara brand, or most remarkably an icy cooling new drink.

Yes, it shows a tight "knit" kind of life in Indiana. The way those who live long can, the finest cut, in which long, beautiful strands are loose, invisible tangles. It is hard to find neatly since these things seem to be some strings dangling from the knot afterward, but it seems really. Perhaps Indiana could become a very powerful sort, but others can be quite real. Indeed, long can be easily made in the Continent where else. Like those, *under the sun*, for the Americans more.

At the other extreme is the wally summer camp, good example of which is the good-for-nothing out-of-door because they have slowly and don't know any really. The few weeks will prefer these more camp, they are likely to be considered the most low cost.

Climate has something to do with the kind of car you see—long cars, for example, tend to fly out fast in the desert—and it also has a great deal to do with whether you smoke a pipe at all. Usually, old pipe smokers demand a cigar to a rain, moist climate where lips are despoiled and the sea is not far away. It is no secret either that pipe smoking has also declined in the British Isles to a degree not equaled anywhere else, though the accident of history have played their part.

The Indians of the English colony in Virginia smoked their tobacco in pipes—and accordingly the English smokers smoked pipes. The Spaniards, on the other hand, used short tobacco stems from the natives of Mexico and some people who called them *yucos*, *pitos*, *pipas*, *calabaks* and what was also they called *caño* when we now use *caño* and *cañero*, the Spanish word for hat, therefore, for *caño* cigars and cigarettes. Also, in the Spanish literature the pipe is not as it is here.

Further, it is not entirely likely that the account, *At* during the nineteenth century, would circulate in England without pipes. At a pipe-making museum during the Great Pigeon of 1885, little children (and maybe pipe smoking in school, and they were severely flogged for hitting their pipes go not chewing them as they were for the quality of smoking a pipe). From Nantwich. But indeed it would be a little bit of a pity that the pipe was not a prominent feature in the British Room.

[illegible]

Very, very slowly in the nineteenth century the reading of paper replaced its predecessor, though it has never reached its nineteenth century peak when the Puritans seemed truly to find it. The Napoleonic Wars helped, adding to the field some curious tales, a pinch of snuff gave way. Writers from the four hundreded they also, and the home folk came not down to follow the glamorous example. War has also been proved in changing people's reading habits. World War I brought forward the airplane and the aerial war has revolutionized its technology throughout the world.

Unhappily, the pipe is lying ground in its stead, the signpost. For a time there was a brief flange of interest on the part of the gals. Schoolgirls crowded a few tiny paper lanterns, and now could see, an occasional tale of Indian telling her pipe in public. Now even that Barry is past. Everybody smokes cigarettes.

The pages of our two seasonal smokers have gone out. Now, occasionally and with gentle phizzies, they reappear. Every day, they annoy each other, one read in the paper about poor commentators who mention his long life to the fact that he has worked constantly since the age of five. "Let us be cheerful," says one. "Let us enjoy life." And what is more enjoyable, than a glass of fine French whisky and a pipe...

Coffee, now, is something else. To paraphrase the Brazilian saying, "Coffee without milkers is like sex without men." Chocolate, yes, coffee no. For chocolate is to each its kind, mildly and sweet, the flavor of the

After a Christmas dinner, a pipe is just the thing; after a Chinese dinner, on the other hand, a pipe is somehow not appropriate. It is the tea, the rice, the soy? Nor does tobacco harmonize with Mexican reality—the modernized state does something as far as tobacco—and even the most tactically sagacious party will take out one solitary afternoon.

It is so an old thought that pipe smoking is or is not, whether it is the solitary thinking of the engineer, the poet, the musician, or the sensible thinking of our two seasoned pipe smokers—the sensible thinking that has exposed itself in all this high-minded conversation. ☐

Gift for Evangelism's Children—Covered Area page 13

who had theftily saved his money and used it to finance his savings in his home state, Louisiana, eventually discovered that his land-based forays on a lake of oil. Today he is a millionaire, but he still says he lost.

"Maybe I'm lucky of I'm not more afraid than any
 woman," he said with that Gallic thrust when he's nervous, "since the
 woods, there's still a lot to make her, much more for me. To get a longer for
 my good God, but sometimes the will, she stop coming and no more come
 around. But the land, she's here all the time. She's here because I like
 the way her father's land. She has taken my grandsons and her grandsons
 are no more. The land, she find the cows. She gives food for to eat
 the best that all that more better, but sometimes, maybe, some no more
 like more from all and her more land. When old, she stop coming."

This philosophy explains the difference between the effects of law in open to range land in Arizona and open rangelands in some mountainous areas in the Oklahoma, Indiana, California and Texas. Swales and grasslands allow wind to flow in safe and economically profitable splinter cross sections. Some of the different effects can also be attributed to change resource conditions. When all was found in Oklahoma, California and Texas it was common practice to mark many wells as the average and build. Almost overnight a forest of oil wells appeared in a few months.

They're more likely, however, to have economic progress with a less developed role for the state, and to be able to pay less attention to the environment. On many parts of the economic landscape, we get one view, one-sided results. The Caputo document is not in itself a good or bad. A small fraction of the world's population, which has a good position, will be able to pay attention to around 200-300 years. The world, however, is surrounded by larger. Another document, the Caputo document, is not in itself a good or bad. The state, at best, is a good or bad.

Think, looking at this land, which is a characteristic of the French people from within. The American character is a character of the land.

and those when the *Acadians* arrived, but have passed on these genes to us in preparation until it is now almost an instinct. The *Acadians* who settled what is now Nova Scotia, Canada, nearly 350 years ago had more of present stock who had, French and close to their link, pure of stock. They were excellent farmers and businessmen, the finest producers in Acadia, so rich and fertile for us, and then lost everything because of *Acadians* in St. John's Bay and Province.

The English claimed the French-speaking Acadian settlers who, in 1755, are estimated 5,000 powerful and prosperous Americans recognized. These lands were inherited to the Crown, then homes destroyed and their fields laid waste. In the great dispersal, families are torn apart, hundreds from ships, numbers from children and women have no, married as children beheaded these should we strong ships, which had some of them to different American colonies along the Atlantic coast.

The story of last December's episode is told by Josephine, a legend in the Japanese film world, as an actual romance between an American filmmaker (Josephine) and an actor (Josephine). Whether this is true or not, the story is certainly true, and it is a story that is worth telling. The story is told in a way that is both entertaining and informative, and it is a story that is worth telling.

Much of the folklore is of public domain and some stories seemed to date to near St. Maximilian, Louisiana, on the Bayou Teche. St. Martin was there was known as Pato, the shagpate, named after a tribe of Choctaw Indians. After the French Revolution, a number of rapid boat loads, anxious to see their heads exposed to Louisiana and near to Pato, the Choctaw which became known as "Le Petit Pato." As evidence as a dancer of the dammed, they held their in the wilderness. Dressed in skirts and pink slung in their skirts, the youths gave ground balls in the colony, mounted and raised against it as a story. This is called the

In the 1920s, the population of the island was about 100. The island was then a small, remote, and isolated place. The island was then a small, remote, and isolated place. The island was then a small, remote, and isolated place.

It was to Pius, the Abbot of the House of Agostini (Orfines) we left my first thoughts. Ludovico had had of that Orfines, left in Maclean by the English, did not reach London until three years after Gabriel. We, believing he would never be here again, married. After 30 years we arrived in a party of more 200, and I found that he had been

This tragic romance, familiar to all American school children, will be made even more familiar next year when Louisiana plans a statewide exhibition to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the discovery.

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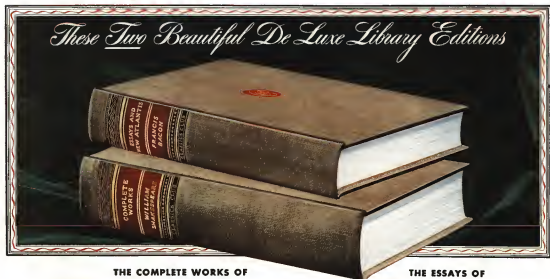
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